NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Is Capital Punishment a Deterrent?

The Society of Friends, after a free and full discussion, will invoke legislative action against capital punishment for criminals.

The majority of members in the society seem to believe that the death penalty does not deter men from committing crime, and that it tends to demoralize the public conscience. In this connection there are two plausible arguments—one for, the other against capital punishment.

The death penalty is as old as mankind. It may be that in cases where a criminal deliberately contemplates murder it acts as a deterring influence, but that it has ever actually prevented a murder may be doubted. Men who commit deliberate murder are never balked by the fear of punishment. They do not stop to say to their souls: "If I were not afraid of death myself I would risk killing him."

The intent of deliberate murder once implanted grows like a noxious weed, and with its growth all other questions are smothered save that of accomplishing the crime without detection. All efforts are bent to that end.

With the burglar suddenly surprised in his crime the foregoing is also true, save that his thoughts of escape have no time for the slow evolution of ways and means.

He draws his revolver or bludgeon and commits murder without giving the death penalty a thought. Here, again, capital punishment does not act as a deterrent.

In short, these are the grounds taken by the Society of Friends.

On the other hand, advocates of capital punishment maintain that we have no means of knowing the exact number of possible murderers who are deterred from committing the crime by fear of the death penalty. They may number legions.

Some time ago an English physician advertised himself as having discovered a vegetable poison so powerful that the prick of a needle moistened with the fluid would cause immediate death, and that no human being could determine the cause.

This physician received over five hundred letters from different parts of the country, begging, imploring, and offering fabulous sums for small quantities of the poison.

Do you doubt that hundreds of these letters were from would-be murderers, deterred from ordinary methods by fear of the death penalty?

The question is an open one. Is or is not capital punishment a deterrent to criminals? What do our readers think about it?

The Pension Flood.

The Atlanta Journal says:

He is a bold man who will dare to set a limit to the expenditure for Federal pensions.

We are now paying $140,000,000 a year on this account, and that we shall have to pay more is very evident.

James A. Garfield in the House of Representatives more than twenty years ago, in defending a pension bill which carried only about $60,000,000 and was then considered exorbitant, declared his conviction that when the appropriation on th is score should reach $75,000,000 it would begin to decline.

Our contemporary has its facts a little twisted. The pension bill that Garfield was defending appropriated about $30,000,000. Garfield said that he believed that was the high water mark of pension expenditures, and that thereafter the appropriations would decline. And he would have been right if Congress had not checked the decline, whenever it got under way, by new and continually more extravagant legislation. The pension expenditures leaped up to $60,000,000, $100,000,000 and $140,000,000. Now they seem again to have reached their maximum under existing laws, and already the calendars of Congress are loaded with bills for their inflation. If the influences at work in that direction have their way, everything that makes the pension list a roll of honor will disappear, every distinction between the honest veteran and the bummer will be swept away, and bounty jumpers, deserters, skulkers and men dishonorably discharged from the service will be put on an equality with the patriotic soldiers who poured out their blood on the battlefield.

The British Danger.

It may seem strange at first sight that the colossal British Empire, with a fourth of the area and population of the globe, should be so shaken by a few petty reverses in a war with one of the tiniest peoples on earth—a people outnumbered by the inhabitants of many British towns. The checks to the forces of Gatacre, Methuen and Buller were nothing in themselves. There was nothing of Bull Run, or Waterloo, or Sadowa about them. A nation which is not prepared to accept such trifling setbacks with equanimity ought not to go to war at all. An army cannot usually go through a campaign in kid gloves.

But when we examine the situation a little more closely the cause of the British uneasiness is plainly apparent. England cannot afford to carry on a great war in South Africa. She did not imagine that she was going into a great war when she began it. She thought she was sending an expeditionary force to pacify a bit of disaffected country. She finds now that she is in for her greatest land war of the century.

This means practically the addition of a new Great Power to the list of her enemies. If England were fighting France and Russia, and Germany should join the coalition against her, she would not have to raise any more troops to meet that new attack than she has been compelled already to send against the Boers.

Substantially the entire British regular army not required for duty in India, and all its reserves, are already either in South Africa or on the way there. The Militia and Volunteers cannot be sent out of the kingdom without their own consent. Before they can be used for foreign service they will have to be reorganized, just as our National Guard regiments were during the war with Spain.

Thus the whole land strength of the British Empire available for immediate use to meet an emergency is locked up in front of the Boers. The enemies of England have a free hand for military operations everywhere else.

It is true that British naval strength has not been impaired. But if Russia should occupy Herat, or even move on India, where would England get the troops to prevent her? How would she deal with a new Indian Mutiny? What would she do if the Abyssinians should wipe out Kitchener?

These are the things that make the skirmishes on the Modder and the Tugela so serious. Even an uprising of the whole of Cape Colony could be dealt with in time if there were no other distractions. But England is surrounded by enemies eager to do her an ill turn. The Boers are said to have been told that if they could hold out for two months there would be a European intervention in their behalf. They have already held out longer than that and the end is not in sight. Europe is growing impatient, and a few more Boer victories may sweep her off her feet, and create a sudden demand for British armies elsewhere than in Natal and Cape Colony.

Exile the Slot Machinist.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I feel that the public owe you a debt of gratitude for the active and decided part you (through your valuable paper) are taking to rid our community of these obnoxious, wicked, pernicious and vile slot machines that are so demoralizing the young of our community, both male and female.

As a father, I thank you. As an American, privileged to be born in this grand country of freedom, I honor and applaud this determined act on your part to rid the community of this vile and destructive incubus. I don't think that too much praise can be uttered in your behalf for the noble stand that you have taken, and I am glad that your activity and energy has at last awakened the dormant public to a realization of the danger that confronted them from the subtle poison that was being inoculated into the minds of their children, whom they were striving to bring up to become an honor to them and to the community at large.

I beg to assure you that you will have the hearty support and co-operation of the legal department, to the aiding and carrying out of any measure that may be devised for the purpose of once and forever ridding our community of this obscenity that is damning and destroying the young of our land.

M. J. H. FERRIS, Attorney and Counsel for the Salvation Army.

Christmas Number Praised.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Referring to the Christmas number, I would join with thousands of others in expressing my delight at the really artistic manner in which you have given to the public, and your readers especially, a work of art never excelled in New York journalism. Your work must have been expensive, but in the end will pay you.

B. LEWIS.

Dec. 13.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Some Other Shocks.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Please rectify the statement you made in to-day's Journal. You said the defeat of Buller's army at the Tugela River had given England and the whole British realm to-day a shock such as it has not received before in this century. Have you forgotten when General Jackson defeated them at New Orleans and Perry on Lake Erie?

EDMUND AYRES.

East Orange, N. J.

No, we have not forgotten those incidents. The statement to which Mr. Ayres objects was contained in a London dispatch. London is excitable just now, and its sense of proportion is a little wrenched.

A Novel Question.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Would you please let me know when the twentieth century begins?

CHARLES CREVIER.

No. 1489 Broadway, New York.

We congratulate Mr. Crevier. It is a wonder, is it not, that with the nineteenth century so rapidly drawing to its close it has never occurred to anybody to ask when the twentieth century will begin? But there had to be a first one to stand an egg on end, and it has fallen to our correspondent to be the Columbus of this interesting new problem.

Approaching the subject with a mind all unbiased by its previous consideration, we take pleasure in informing Mr. Crevier that the twentieth century will begin, like everything else, at its beginning—that is to say, on the first day of the first month of its first year—January 1, 1901, just as the first century would have begun on January 1 of the year 1 if people then had been reckoning time in our way.

News Gathering in South Africa.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Your numerous Irish and true American readers must undoubtedly wonder why your war correspondents at the Transvaal invariably refer to the Boers as "the enemy" and to the "English brigands" as "our forces," etc.

ATHLONE.

It is the custom for war correspondents to go where they can get the news, and transmit it to their papers. It is also their custom to refer to the armies to which they happen to be attached as "our forces," and to those on the other side as "the enemy." If there were cable communication with the Transvaal the Journal would have complete dispatches from both sides, and undoubtedly those from the Boer camps would speak of Joubert's troops as "our forces" and of the British as "the enemy." But every cable is not only under British control, but under a censorship of a rigor hitherto unknown in war. Olive Schreiner's dispatches to the Journal were twice cut off in the middle of a sentence. Hence we must take the news as it comes and be thankful.

The Origin of Joubert.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Kindly inform me if General Joubert, commander-in-chief of the Boers, was ever a citizen of the United States; also what position he held in the Confederate army during the civil war.

DICK BRADY.

No. 412 East Eighty-fifth street.

A circumstantial story has been printed to the effect that Joubert was born in Philadelphia, but it appears to be reasonably certain that he was really born in Cape Colony and has never lived outside of South Africa. He visited this country a few years ago, and was made much of by the single taxers, of whose doctrines he is a warm adherent.

Duped by Employment Bureau.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Your efforts on behalf of the poor unemployed in bringing those unscrupulous "agencies" before the law and public notice are highly commendable and tend to confirm the public in the well-founded opinion that you are indeed the poor man's friend. "Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." Newspapers, too, among other things, are changing, but the Journal appears to be making a unique and praiseworthy departure in presenting the hardships of the poor and trying to assuage them.

My purpose in writing you this note is to inform you that on arriving in this country, though I flattered myself I was somewhat beyond the average intelligence, I became a dupe of a so-called "employment agency." Possibly you may be able to have justice dealt to the concern. I paid in $5 for an assured position, and was sent to an employer—Jewish, I think—who desired security that a lad in my circumstances was unable to pay. I need not say that the position was a mythical one; I thought myself pretty lucky to get back half of my deposit. Had I the time, or did I wish to appear in court, which I do not wish to do, I should be glad to be the means of bringing this agency to justice. The concern was run by a young, soft-spoken gentleman, who, if I remember rightly, had quite a theatrical manner of exit upon the appearance of an innocent depositor to claim the half of what he had given to this follower of Mammon.

I trust, in common with those who have known disappointment and who justly estimate the hardships of the poor, none the less real because they are oftentimes borne without murmur, that you will continue in your laudable purpose of ridding the trustful unemployed of those who would live on the blood of their suffering fellow men.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

December 16.

Loss in Panics.

Editor of the New York Journal:

In the edition of the Journal of December 15 Major Segren asks, "What is your estimate of the financial loss to the United States by the panics of 1873 and 1893?"

Regarding this question permit me to suggest that if "financial loss" means the diminution of any real, tangible material benefit, the census will give full information in regard to it.

If "financial loss" means such a change in ideal, imaginary values as will cause them to be expressed or represented by a shorter row of numerals, then "financial loss" is measured by the difference in value between an inflated and a shrunken imagination.

Material loss by panics is measured by diminution and destruction of factories, machinery and fertility of soil, by the number of the killed, maimed and disabled.

If the census shows nothing of this, we may know that losses by panics are ideal losses, a sort of financial delirium tremens caused by the return from the intoxication of an inflated financial imagination to the sober sense of real values.

The condition of countries before panics come and after they have passed shows, by the contrast, the delirium tremens nature of panics.

ROBERT W. SMITH.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 16.

DUKE OF MANCHESTER WRITES ENTERTAININGLY ABOUT PEERS.

Many Extremely Interesting Facts About the Rights and Privileges of the "Sovereign's Cousins" Told for the First Time by One Who Enjoys Those Rights.

It has been suggested to me that a short article on the British Peerage might prove interesting to some. I do not intend to make this a very serious article, or to deal with it in any way at all in a scientific light, but merely to give a few facts which I hope may prove of interest.

There are five grades of the peerage now in Great Britain, which I will name according to rank.

First, the Duke, or, from the Latin, Dux, or leader.

Second, the Marquis, or guardian of the marchers or frontiers.

Third, the Earl, from the old Saxon, Eorlderman, or Chief Thanes.

Fourth, the Viscount, or Vice-comes, which formerly meant Sheriff of a county, and was first used as a title of nobility in the reign of Henry VI.

And, lastly, the Baron. This is the oldest form of peer.

The first three grades have the right to bestow on their eldest sons their second title, but this does not make them peers, as the title is only held by courtesy. In each case the eldest sons of all peers rank with the grade next below their fathers in dignity. There have been a few isolated cases of sons becoming peers during the lifetime of their fathers, as witness in this century creation of the title Baron Dover, during the lifetime of the father, Viscount Clifton, but these are extremely rare.

Unused Privileges of Peers.

A peer has a certain number of privileges, some of which, however, he scarcely ever makes use of. He is free from arrest in all civil actions, and in such cannot be outlawed; he is exempt from serving on juries; from taking his turn as Sheriff, and, in case of riot, the posse comitatus, or Sheriff's posse, as called in America. He is tried in case of treason and felony by other peers. And suppose he should be condemned to capital punishment, he can be beheaded instead of being hanged.

A peer gives his judgment not on oath but on honor. Libel against a peer is a far, theoretically, more serious offence than against other people, and any one committing this offence can be tried for what is called scandalum magnatum. But this is practically obsolete.

Peers have the privilege of sitting covered in courts of justice, and one peer, Baron Kingsdale, may remain covered in the presence of royalty. Peers have the privilege in Parliament of wearing parliamentary robes of scarlet cloth, with bars of ermine on the shoulders, the different number of bars marking the different grades. These, however, are worn on very few occasions. For instance, when on being created a peer he and his two sponsors, or introducers, both wear them; also when serving as Lord Commissioner of the Queen, in the House of Lords and on other great occasions, such as coronations and royal funerals.

The eldest son of a peer immediately on the death of his father becomes a peer, and as such is eligible, whatever his age, to sit in the House of Lords, but the custom is that he should not take his seat until he has attained the age of twenty-one years.

About the Hereditary Peer.

The procedure in the case of a peer taking his seat on inheriting a title is entirely different from the case of a peer taking his seat on the creation of his title. On inheriting, all he has to do is to establish his right of succession by producing his father's and mother's marriage certificate and his own birth certificate, together with a letter from one of his male of kin testifying that he is the person designated in these documents, and on their being passed he simply subscribes to the roll, which is at the door of the House, whenever it is sitting, and walks in.

In the case of creation the proceedings are very elaborate. He obtains two sponsors, peers of the rank of his new creation, and the three, dressed in their different parliamentary robes, present themselves before the bar of the House with great ceremony and much bowing. Five Lords Commissioner, also dressed in parliamentary robes, and usually among them the Lord Chancellor, preside over the House. The patent of the peer's new creation is read aloud, and also the oath of allegiance to the Queen in justice is read aloud and signed before the whole House, and then he is formally conducted to his seat.

As to the precedence in England, it is roughly this: First, the Archbishop of Canterbury; next the Lord High Chancellor; next the Archbishop of York, Lord High Treasurer; the Lord Privy Seal; then Dukes of England, Dukes of Scotland, created before the Union; then Dukes of Great Britain, those created since the union with Scotland; Dukes of the United Kingdom and Dukes of Ireland created since the act of union between England and Ireland; then eldest sons of Dukes of the blood royal; then Marquises, the same order of precedence as Dukes; then Dukes' eldest sons, and so on through the different grades; youngest sons of the Dukes of the blood royal ranking after Earls, and Bishops ranking before Barons.

Cousins to the Sovereign.

All peers above the rank of Baron are designated by the sovereign officially as "Cousin." This arose from the fact that Henry IV. being really related to every Earl and nobleman of high rank in the kingdom, through his wife, mother or his sisters.

Viscounts are called "Right Trusty and Well Beloved Cousin."

Earls are called "Right Trusty and Well Beloved Cousin."

Marquises are called "Right Trusty and Entirely Beloved Cousin."

Dukes are called "Right Trusty and Right Entirely Beloved Cousin."

Manchester

WITH BOER CAPTIVES AT SIMONS BAY.

STORY OF A PRISON SHIP TOLD FOR THE JOURNAL.

CAPE TOWN, Nov. 22.—"Now for a breath of British atmosphere," said I to Colonel Stowe, the Consul-General for the United States. We were both in the train bound for Simons Bay, the breeziest corner in the Cape Peninsula, and the Portsmouth of South Africa. Our immediate destination is the old Penelope, where the Boer prisoners are confined—the prisoners captured at Elandslaagte after the terrible charge of the Gordon Highlanders, the Manchesters and the King's Royal Rifles. The United States Consul-General is acting in the interests of the Boer prisoners on the suggestion of the authorities here. The Consul in Pretoria has been instructed to keep an eye on the British prisoners, and is doing so to good purpose.

The Penelope is now a hulk, but she has a past. She stands high out of water, with monstrous bulwarks of an old-fashioned pattern. As we swing round the stern a swarm of boats is dispersing. The boats convey visitors, largely consisting of the fair sex, who have been temporarily prohibited from coming on board, owing to abuse of letter privileges. Prisoners are allowed to send and to receive letters, subject to the revision of the censor. But for some days past visitors had been crowding on board, and advantage had been taken of the crush to smuggle through letters. Consequently, the order was issued that visitors only be allowed on board on Wednesdays, and must then get a permit from the Commander-in-Chief. The naval authorities are heartily sick of the prisoners and will be glad when they see the last of them. The Penelope is used as an accommodation ship for naval supernumeraries, and the arrival of the Boer prisoners has upset the arrangements of the authorities at Simons Bay.

A few faces peer out as we climb the steps and are met at the gangway by Captain Bruce, the commander of the Monarch, temporarily in charge of the Penelope. In the prisoners' quarters on the lower deck the air is heavy with the savory scents of a recently finished repast. We interview the cook.

"Well," says the Consul-General, "and what did you have for dinner?"

"Roast beef, sir."

"Any vegetables?"

"Baked potatoes and cabbages, sir."

"H'm! Better than I have, I'm sure. Have you got any of the food left?"

"No, sir; it's all eaten." The only case of illness on board up to the present has been on account of over-feeding.

The prisoners are a motley lot. A large proportion are little more than boys. The genuine back veld Boer is conspicuous by his absence. There may be about a dozen of them, but the vast majority look exceedingly young, and are of the pronouncedly Afrikander type; the sort of young men who have got a veneer of crude civilization and are permeated through and through with the political influences which have recently emanated from Pretoria. They lie about in the shade, or dawdle and slouch along the deck. The Afrikander Bond party here have supplied them with suits of kharki—(the clothes in which they came on board were very much the worse for wear)—cigars, cigarettes and other similar luxuries. Wine and spirits are prohibited save in the case of the officers. Fully half of the men are smoking cigars in the most nonchalant manner imaginable.

There is a prisoner, curled up in the shadow of the bulwark, unceasingly consuming cigarettes and absorbed in a well-thumbed, yellow-backed novel. Not much of the simple, unsophisticated, pastoral Boer about this, you will say, and you are right. An hour on the Penelope would upset some of the illusions of our pro-Boer sentimentalists. Another man, with a Gargantuan briar, is chuckling over a comic paper and pausing with obvious admiration over the counterfeit presentment of a shapely shepherdess in very short frocks. The true sons of the soil are few. They cannot read or write, and they spend most of their time gazing listlessly at the sea and the gray mountains which shut them in.

There is something pathetic in their puzzled, dazed, despondent stare. These men have little imagination. Some rude homestead in the lonely veldt a thousand miles away holds their hearts. But the majority of them are sleek, contented and indifferent.

They told me that they thought the war would be a picnic, that they would crush Natal before the imperial troops arrived, that England would be involved in foreign complications, and that they would be able to dictate terms from Maritzburg and Durban. They thought to view the Cape peninsula as conquerors, not from a prison ship.

We stroll down to the stern, where there is a sort of platform level with the top of the bulwarks. Here several men are regarding the shore and shipping through field glasses.

"Hullo, there!" shouts Consul-General Stowe. "Good day to you, Colonel Schiel; come down and tell me how are things."

The notorious Schiel, the man who was Governor of Prisons when the reformers were in jail and who created the Transvaal Staats Artillery, steps down with some difficulty. His wound in the thigh is nearly healed, but he still requires to use a stick. He is a typical soldier of fortune. He introduced us to his brother officers, including Captain Van Leggelo, a benevolent, good-looking cosmopolitan, who told us he was born in Holland, educated in Germany and had a sister in St. Louis.

Schiel, talking of his parole, says:

"When I lay wounded in the hospital at Ladysmith, General White came to see me and asked me what he could do for me. I said I should like my parole. He promised to give it to me, but I was sent out of the country, and here I am. I tell you what it is—when this war is over I will proclaim England's breach of etiquette to the world."

"Yes, Colonel, but why did you not get your parole in writing?"

"That is not absolutely necessary. It was not done in many cases during the Franco-Prussian War."

Then good-bys are said, while the surrounding Boer prisoners glance up with lazy curious eyes, and a minute later we are skimming across the bay to H. M. S. Doris, the flag ship. Ten minutes on the breezy deck with Commander Grant, and we are again under way, while the Doris's guns boom out a salute in honor of the visit of the representative of the United States.

CHARLES D. DON.

WANTED—NEW COTILLON LEADERS.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER VOICES A CRYING NEED.

ONE hears a good deal about cotillons these days. Every one is giving cotillons. People that never gave anything else are giving them. If you are not inclined to give unto charity, you give a cotillon. Therefore, men that know how to lead are in demand.

But at the moment I hear a great deal about these leaders—more dissatisfaction than anything else. There are Elisha Dyer and Worthy Whitehouse and Craig Wadsworth, for instance. Also there is young Alexander Hadden. Some of the young people complain about them. They assert that these gentlemen are too arbitrary, too domineering. I have heard it said of Mr. Hadden that he leads the german like Bismarck—that is, by the nose. Certainly, there is no need of feeling like that. Mr. Hadden, otherwise, is a calm, intellectual young man with a mission in life. When he isn't at the head of a cotillon figure he is elevating the masses in the Tombs prison. Or, possibly, one may find him at the head of a Bible class, or entertaining the youth in the West Side Sunday school clubs. I don't think he intends to be dictatorial, and whatever haughtiness he may show is due only to the evils of the cotillon system.

Mrs. Goelet.

Mr. Hadden is at least original, while I hear just the opposite of the others. Much of the complaint about them is that their figures are as antiquated and familiar as the first verse in Genesis. I fancy there is a good deal of truth in this, too. It has grown to be such an old thing with them that there is really no use taking pains. I hear that, as a result, they may be deposed, and new talent brought in to replace them. Harry Bachelor and Schuyler Schiefflein are named among the possibilities. I should judge they would do well; they are youthfully enthusiastic, good dancers and not too immoderately popular. Perhaps they would take pains.

London has revived again the perennial rumor that Mrs. Ogden Goelet contemplates matrimony. I suppose it is as usual untrue. Colonel Douglas Dawson, military attache at the British Embassy in Paris, is distinguished as the suitor. Perhaps the Colonel really may contemplate matrimony, but I have doubts. I don't see why he wishes to tempt matrimony, but he may. The only moral I could ever draw from a benedict is oft-quoted—"One never can tell." He is a very popular person, not too wealthy, of cultivated tastes, good looking, well-mannered and altogether desirable. He is a distinctive favorite, I should add, in really distinguished quarters. But I cannot see why his pleasant attentions to Mrs. Geolet should be construed into a courtship. Mrs. Geolet is now in Paris, where she is enjoying herself mildly as befits. The fact that she gave up her Winter engagements in London, and journeyed across the Channel is taken as another evidence. But I can't see it.

London is hopelessly dull just now, what with the worry over the South African situation and the departure of so many distinguished men for the front. But perhaps we shall hear more later.

Mrs. Duncan Elliott has returned to town from Newport, looking quite as well as ever. She has been moderately quiet this season, going out little, and devoting most of her attention to her children. One never hears from Mr. Elliott, nowadays, and so I presume this is a very good settlement of a most vexatious question. Mrs. Elliott, I hear, will tarry only a few weeks, when she will journey abroad to join her brother, "Bobbie" Hargous. Young Mr. Hargous—he will ever be young in our minds—has some sort of an exotic palace over in Venice, where he continues to amuse and dazzle his following with chromatic teas. I have not heard much of him of late, but I fancy he is extracting his usual amount of pleasure languidly from life.

Heber Bishop's triumphs abroad continue unabated. In fact, his social successes are almost as distinguished as his advancement here, where the late Ward McAllister consented to take him up. Mr. Bishop has been entertaining the Prince of Wales in the most royal fashion, and as he controls some of the best shooting in the kingdom, it is only natural that the Prince should go down there to take a pot at the pheasants every little while. Some of the people over here who put stumbling blocks in the way of Mr. Bishop's advancement will no doubt be anguished with vexation when they learn all this. But the truth is, when a social struggler comes along, it is always well to hang back a bit and find out whether the struggler wont develop into a power. It is really uncomfortable, don't you know, to have your own boomerang come skittering back at your head, because frequently it gives you no time either to duck or dissemble. Mr. Bishop's rise has been rapid, and as he is an agreeable, affable man, I am sure all who have been his friends will be glad to hear that he is successful.

Mrs. Duncan Elliott

Mrs. Gould's theatricals are to be most ambitious. There are to be three plays—"The Marble Arch"—not heart—"The Twilight of the Gods" and a "Pair of Lunatics." She will take part herself, the first time on the stage since her departure from it years ago. It is given out that Manchester would have taken part had he been able to remain. A large house party will be given during the production of the theatricals, and some well-known persons may be there. I fancy it will be a great event both for the Goulds and their guests, and since Mrs. Gould's presence at the Assembly every one is accepting.

Good Wishes for England.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am glad you can see the proper balance of equity between the Boers and the English. Other papers are so lopsided that they can only see the Boer side of the controversy.

AN ENGLISH WELL-WISHER.

December 16.

His Regret.

"Did you notice," inquired the first unsuccessful author of the second, "how many of us were stuck by the financial calamity in the Harper establishment?"

"Yes, I noticed it, and it made me feel very sad."

"Sad? Why so?"

"Because I wasn't among the stuck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Would Petition the Queen.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Why don't you get up a petition asking Queen Victoria to end that wretched war down in South Africa? As a country pastor I am pretty familiar with the sentiment of the common run of folks out in western New York.

I think about forty-nine out of fifty would sign such a petition, English-born and all. There is an earnest but unvoiced sentiment that ought to find expression where it could help.

D. O. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Clarendon, N. Y., Dec. 14.

Before It Is Impossible.

"There will soon be 300 electric cabs running in New York."

"People with New York streets to cross will do well to cross 'em now."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Down on the British.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I would like to have your opinion about an army that allows itself to be defeated after suffering a loss of a few hundred men.

Of course I have reference to the British army and their boasted fighting qualities.

No battle that they have had in South Africa would be classed any higher than a skirmish during our civil war.

FRANK WARREN.

December 16.

In on the Run Home.

"I've heard that Green is rather slow. Do you believe it?"

"I should say not. He's ahead of everything that ever had anything to do with him."—Detroit Free Press.